Eng. Poetry vol 18.

A TALE OF MIDAS THE KING.

A

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OF

MIDAS

THE

KING.

4t.

A TALE OF MIDAS THE KING.

DEDICATED to

Arthur Tariff,
or Arthur Moore?
One of my LORD'S Footmen.

——*Quid rides? mutato nomine de te*
Fabula Narratur. Hor. Sat. 1.

LONDON:

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May.

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A

TALE

OF

MIDAS

THE

KING.

DEDICATED TO

Mrs. Tuttle

One of my LORDS Footmen.

Quid rides? mutato nomine de te
Fabula narratur.

LONDON:

TO

Ar——r Tariff

ONE OF

My LORD'S Footmen.

Honoured FOOTMAN,

IT has been so Common for Men in your Station to be brought up for some Years as Apprentices to Barbers, that I can

cannot imagine but you, who have ſo many admirable Qualifications to fit out a Valet, muſt among the reſt have that neceſſary one of Shaving. Believe me, SIR, no Man that had not been bred up to the Uſe of the *Razor*, *cou'd cut ſo cloſe* as you have done.

'Tis to you therefore, as a *Barber Footman*, that I Dedicate this Elaborate Piece, which is a Reflection upon thoſe fooliſh Shavers, who cannot keep a Secret of State, ſo wiſely as you. You know Mr. Footman, well enough how to conceal your Maſters Aſſ Ears, for ſuch he is ſuſpected

hav

have, and that not without ſome Cauſe. *The affected Gravity of the Beaſt plainly ſpeaks it*, and let his Friends ſay what they pleaſe, it is morally Impoſſible, that he ſhould hear what is ſaid of him in the Remoteſt Parts of the Town, without having *long Ears*.

Midas, whom you will find to be the Hero of my Poem, Mr. Footman, reſembles your Maſter in MORE things than this one of his Ears. For the King was a Mighty Sot, and moſt of his Political Reſolutions were form'd over the Fifth Bottle. That was the

Oracle, which like a ſecond *Pantagruel*, he uſed only to conſult for his Conduct. He had a quality indeed, in which he has no Reſemblance of your Maſter, that whatever he touched, immediately turned into Gold. Were my good Lord *Poſſeſt* of this noble Secret, he might for ever laugh at and defy all the Schemes of his Enemies. But alas, on the Contrary all the Gold your Maſter Touches, converts it ſelf immediately into Paper. And even Paper, when he touches it, inſtead of returning to its Primitive Gold, is preſently changed into nothing.

Mr.

Dedication.

Mr. Footman, in the Caſe, which occurs to you in my Poem, had your Maſter been the Judge, he would with *Midas* have preferr'd the Wild Notes of *Pan* (who was but a Country Squire) upon his *Welch* Harp, to that of *Apollo*'s Lute, though the moſt Harmonious Sound in Nature.

I ſhall no longer diſturb you, from your Attendance at my Lord's Gate, but only beg you to recommend this little Work of mine to the peruſal of your Brother Footmen, I mean thoſe who ſerve him as implicitly as you do, and in the ſame PLACE, and expect-

ing this, I pray the Powers above (for that is the Poetical Expreſſion) that you may grow MORE and MORE, Mr. Footman, in your Maſter's *Good Graces*, till together with him you receive the Juſt Reward of your Services. This is all from

Dear Footman

Your affectionate Couſin

and Councellour

T. Tomkins.

P. S.

AS you are a great Hiſtorian, I cant forget to ask you, whether of late you have converſed with MATTHEW PARIS, *and how his Hiſtory goes down with you as alſo when you expect over the New Edition of* Don Quixot *from the* Hague.

A

TALE

OF

MIDAS.

YE Sisters Nine, assist my Quill,
And *Jack*, do thou a Bumper fill,
For I shall want a Noble flight,
Since Barber is the Theam to Night.

That

That Race of old thrice famous were
For prating much, and cutting Hair.
Examples many, I cou'd Name,
Let this ſuffice to prove their Fame.

In this Reform'd, this Prudent Age,
All Kings and Queens, we ſee, are Sage,
But once they were like other Men,
It were not ſafe to tell you, when,
Twas then that *Midas* was a King,
And King of Fools, he might have bin,
For nothing good in him was found,
But that he'd drive the Bottle round.

His

His Wealth was great, his Wit but Small,
Some Writers ſay, he'ad none at all.
T'our King one day *Apollo* ſends,
And bade him come to meet his Friends,
And give his Judgment in a Bet,
That between *Pan* and him was ſet.
Who beſt cou'd Sing, or blow the Flute,
Or who cou'd ſofteſt touch the Lute.
He came and hear'd *Apollo*'s Voice,
But *Pans* hoarſe Pipe, was the Fools Choice,
For which the other in a Rage,
(For Gods themſelves, arn't always Sage)

Be-

Becauſe he Judged ſo like an Aſs,
Gave Ears, that for the Beaſts might Paſs
To one, who had the Brains before,
Leaſt any ſhould Miſtake him more.
The King, this ſtrange Miſchance to hide,
Invented Hats, deep on each ſide,
And thence might come the Mode, perhaps,
Of wearing Cloſe-Eard OXFORD Caps.
As ſoon as *Midas* Hat appears
Each Courtier covers too his Ears.
For when the Prince begins a Faſhion,
Strait it is follow'd by the Nation;

So

So when the *Dauphin* hid a Hump,
Beneath a Wig down to his Rump,
A ſlim and well proportion'd Beau,
No more his Valu'd Shapes wou'd ſhew.
Hence 'twas, his Aſsſhip in each Place
Appear'd without the leaſt Diſgrace,
Till hair, requiring Barber's Arts,
To *Ralph* the Secret he Imparts,
But 'ere he ſhew'd to him his Ear,
He made him by his Baſon Swear
(An Oath inviolable held
By all the Tribe in Lather Skill'd)

That he to none, wou'd e're diſcloſe,
What he ſhou'd ſee, no not t'his Spouſe.
Midas, believing he'd be true,
Brib'd him with Pieces not a few.
With theſe *Ralph* to his Comrades hyes,
And drank on, till he loſt his Eyes,
Or elſe he muſt have ſeen, 'twas plain
How much he'd by his Silence gain,
How much he'd by his Prating loſe
(But Man's paſt Counſel, when he Spews).

In ſhort, *Ralph* ſoon had got his Doſe,
Which was diſcover'd by his Noſe,

His Friends too, all were wondrous Merry,
With Wine and Cyder, Mum, and Perry,
They had reform'd, the Misrul'd State
And mark'd each Great Man's destin'd Fate,
Had told their various Schemes and News
And which they thought the Safest Stews,
Had drank and toasted pretty long,
And Sung o'er many a Bawdy Song,
And now were paying off their Score,
As thinking it high Time to Snore
When *Ralph* impatient of Delays,
With many a nod, thus to them says,

" Within I now a Secret have,
" And to my Secret I'm no Slave,
" Which ſince you're Friends, I will impart,
" But firſt lets ſummon t'other Quart,
When that appear'd, a Bumper firſt,
Ralph drank, then thus he Silence burſt.
" You all know *Midas*, large hats wears,
" That's only to conceal his Ears
" Which are as large, as any Aſſes,
" Though for a Wiſer Beaſt he paſſes.
Amaz'd to hear ſo ſtrange a thing,
All drank Confuſion to their King,

But

But Swore to *Ralph*, they'd ne'er unfold,
Th'Important Secret he had told;
Howe'er next day, 'twas o'er the City,
And *Midas* Fate was Sung in Ditty,
Till all the Nation armed roſe,
Their Aſsiſh Sovereign to Depoſe,
Who cou'd not *for his Ears* retain
His throne, but by the Mob was Slain.

FINIS.

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